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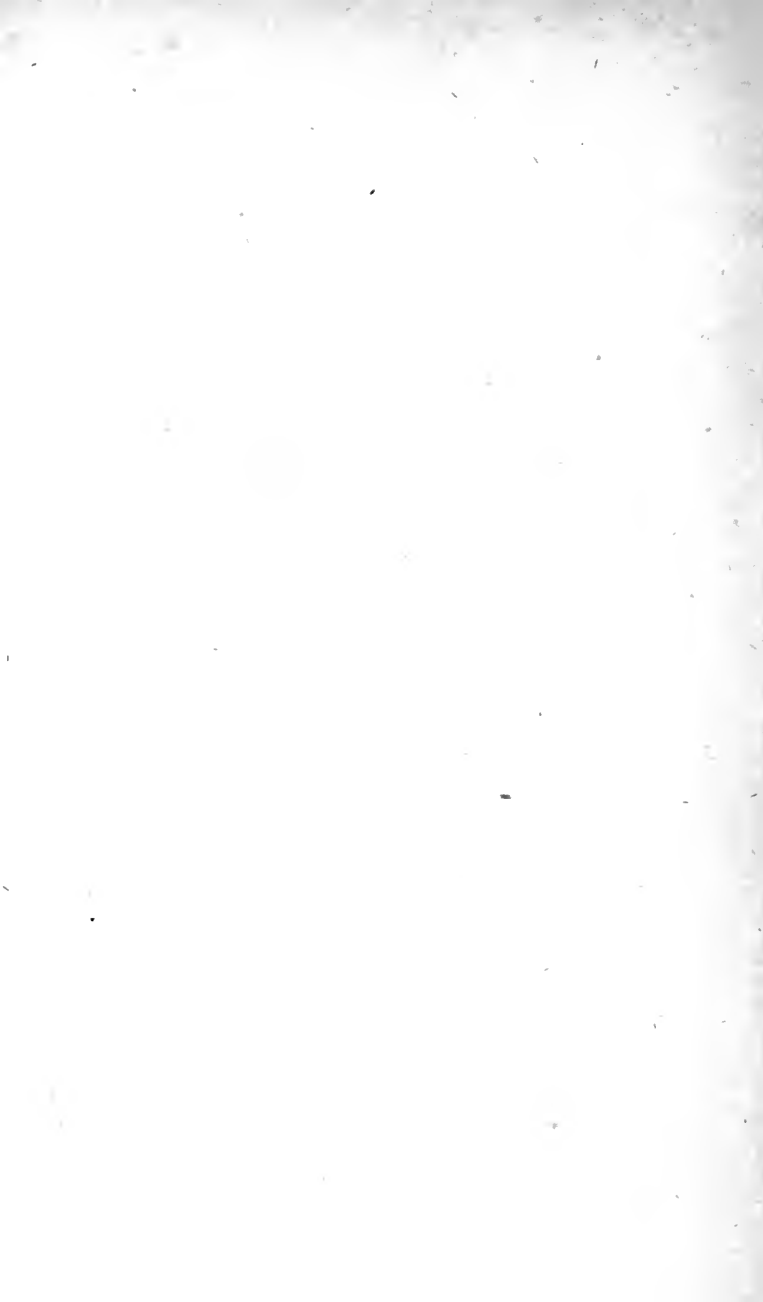
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GREENWOOD CEMETERY

AND OTHER POEMS.



GREENWOOD CEMETERY

AND

OTHER POEMS:

BY

JOSEPH L. CHESTER.

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TO HIS WIFE
(NOT KNOWING A BETTER FRIEND)
THE AUTHOR DEDICATES
THIS BOOK.

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P R E F A C E .

THE author feels that the following poems, if they please any, will please only a certain class of readers. To those who delight only in classical allusions, and to another class who prefer the mawkishly sentimental, this volume will be entirely unacceptable. For the former the author *could* not—for the latter he *would* not, write. He only hopes to please those who love poetry in its humbler garb—who can delight in simplicity—and who prefer to have the feelings of the very heart awakened, to all the effect that can be produced by majestic verse or flowery rhythm. He desires to have his poetry appreciated by those with whom he can familiarly sit down and converse, and find ready sympathy, rather than by those who would look upon his writings merely as literary performances, and as entitled to respect only so far as they conform to the fixed rules of poetical composition.

Many of the following pieces have already been published in the magazines and newspapers, and some of them are familiar to the musical world, having been wedded to beautiful airs by Messrs. Dempster and W. J. Wetmore, and published by Mr. Millet and others.

New York, January, 1843.



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GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

THE solemn stillness of these grand old woods,
Amid whose labyrinthine paths I roam,
Sinks to the very soul, and so reveals
A language which the heart alone can read.

This is the land of shadows ! Human life,
Save that within my breast, is here unknown.
The silent numbers in the graves beneath
Greet not th' intruder on their peaceful rest ;—
Yet few the years since this decaying dust
Was animate, and gladness filled the eyes
That shone in Youth and Beauty. Sunny locks
Lay on those shrunken brows, or softly swept
The cheeks once rosy with the bloom of health.
Around those necks Affection twined its arms,
And pressed the lips where now are lips no more :

And such shall be *my* fate ! Think well, my soul !
Art thou prepared to yield this body up,
To be resolved into its native clay,
And mingle with its kind beneath this turf ?
Oh ! if the parted soul have aught of care
For what hath been its tried companion long,
Methinks it could not choose a fitter spot
For its long dreamless sleep—than this !

Here is the unshorn forest :—Man, as yet,
Hath not destroyed the handiwork of God.
The hardy oak uplifts his stalwart arms,
Rejoicing in his strength—and by his side
The melancholy aspen waves her boughs,
And makes sad music with her fluttering leaves.
The clinging vine, with its delicious fruit,
And all unpruned, a grateful arbor weaves,—
While flowers, uncultured, breathe on every side,
And spring, luxuriant, from the turf beneath.

And here are streams, that softly glide along
'Mid verdant banks and shrubs that fringe their shores,
Making a pleasant murmur on their way.
And here are limpid lakes, whose depths reveal
The smooth white pebbles on the sand below.

And here are mountains, easy of ascent,
Whose summits overlook enchanting scenes :—
Most worthily the chief of these maintains
The name of him whom every freeman loves :—
I stand upon Mount WASHINGTON, and gaze
Enraptured on the view within my sight :
The city's spires—its broad and noble bay—
Lie, like a vivid panorama, spread
By master hands in lines of glowing life :—
Turning, the restless ocean meets my eye,
And faintly, when the southern breeze is full,
I hear thy roar, far-sounding Rockaway !

When Winter comes, the arctic winds will howl
Among the rocking boughs, and snows will spread
Their fleecy mantle o'er the summer sward,—
But what have they who sleep to fear ? Ere long
The breath of gentle Spring will melt the frost—
Unlock the icy portals of the streams—
And scatter beauty on the withered turf.
Again the flowers shall bloom—again the trees
Put on their garniture of fragrant leaves,
And stand arrayed in flowing robes of life.
So till the end shall come !

Oh ! if to die

Doth fill the parting soul with secret dread,
Methinks she would more willingly depart
Could she but know her consort here would rest.
Already am I half in love with Death !

What feet are entering on my solitude ?
I see, by yonder thicket, one who walks
With nervous pace, casting a hasty glance
On every grave that meets his restless eye.
I know him, by the sombre garb he wears,
And by the tell-tale features on his face,
To be a mourner, and, if I may judge,
But late a husband, just returned from sea,
To find that she—whose image he had kept
For months of absence safe within his heart,
And hoped to cherish, when his roving feet
Should bound again upon his native shore—
Is numbered with the breathless host that dwell
In charnel-house and sepulchre ! He stops
By yon green mound, and for a moment looks
With anxious eye upon the board that tells
The sleeper's name :—It is the grave he sought,—
And, ere he kneels, he bares his manly brow,

And lifts his clear blue eye to heaven. He speaks—
I'll listen and record his words :—

“ And they have laid thee here, dear one, to rest
Far from the turmoil of the distant town,—
Here, where thy blest and beautiful repose
Is not disturbed by shouts of revelry,
Nor the sweet flowers that bloom upon thy grave
Spoiled of their fragrance by unhallowed feet.
I looked not for thy dwelling where arose
In mockery the tall white monument :
Such sign I needed not to tell me where
Thy loved remains reposed. These modest flowers—
The sweet wild-rose and small leaved violet,
Half-hidden by the soft, luxuriant grass—
Are fittest watchers of thy peaceful sleep.
When first I spied them in their hiding-place
My anxious search was ended, for I knew
No *mean* flowers, dearest, from *thy* dust would grow !”

I will no more. 'Tis treason thus to spy
The secret workings of a mourner's grief.
I'll bend my footsteps towards the world again,
And be a graver and a better man.

MY SPIRIT'S BRIDE.

WHEN Evening spreads her robe of gloom
O'er all the scenes of busy day,
And hides within his nightly tomb
The Sun's expiring ray,—
Unwatched, I leave the haunts of men,
And from the crowded city glide,
That I may muse on thee again,
My own—my Spirit's Bride!

Reclining on a mossy bed,
Beside some softly murmuring stream,
Whose music soothes my aching head,
Of heaven and thee I dream.
Thy tones of love I seem to hear—
I seem to see thee by my side;
And oh! I hold communion dear
With thee—my Spirit's bride!

What though another claims my care,
And 'minds me of my plighted vow ?
She heareth not the fervent prayer
My lips are speaking now.
What though cold-hearted Duty calls,
And bids me hasten to her side ?
Upon my ear the mandate falls
In vain—my Spirit's Bride !

What though my babe, with laughing eye,
Essays to speak its father's name ?
Till midnight I remain to sigh,
And hide my pain and shame.
For, though to speak it be a sin,
And though I wound thy maiden pride—
That laughing cherub should have been
Thine own—my Spirit's Bride !

Yes, I am bound for life—for life—
By legal chains that men have made,
To cherish and protect my wife—
And they shall be obeyed.
But can they force the heart to love ?
As well control the swelling tide !

My heart—I swear by heaven above—
Is *thine*—my Spirit's Bride !

Thine, though a thousand chains of steel
Were forged to force me to comply ;
Thine, though the rack and torturing wheel
Were ranged before my eye :
Thine, were the fatal edict passed,
That doomed me to the angry tide :
Thine, though the word should be my last—
Still *thine*—my Spirit's Bride !

But ah ! how's this ? The vision flies,
That filled my dreaming hours with bliss !
My own dear wife, with beaming eyes,
Salutes me with a kiss.
The angel of my dream I see,
In her who presses to my side,
And she alone shall ever be
My own—my Spirit's Bride !

THE LONELY AULD WIFE.

[It was formerly (and I believe still is) customary among the natives of Scotland, when one of an aged couple died, to leave the *chair*, which the deceased usually occupied, standing in its accustomed corner, until the survivor should also be called to join its former occupant in the world of spirits.]

BESIDE the old hearth she hath cherished for life,
Silent and sad sits the Lonely Auld Wife:
Time hath left many a trace on her brow,
But Grief hath not troubled her spirit till now.
There are tears in her eyes that are dim with age,
And she looketh in vain on the holy page—
For she cannot see aught but an old oak chair,
That vacant and lonely is standing there.

Long ago, when her bosom was swelling with pride,
The Lonely Auld Wife was a gay young bride—
And the rose on her cheek wore its richest bloom,
When she gave her hand to the joyous groom.
Faded and worn is her beauty now—
Gray are the hairs on her wrinkled brow—
Silent she sits by the old hearth-stone—
Sad are her thoughts—she is there alone.

Her gudeman is gone to his dreamless rest,
And the Lonely Auld Wife hath a troubled breast—
Yet not for the world would she banish away
The *chair* he hath sat in for many a day.
She speaketh not, save with a trembling breath,
But hopeth, and waiteth, and prayeth for death—
For joyless and dark are the days of her life,
When the gudeman is gone from the Lonely Auld Wife.

THE LONELY AULD GUDEMAN.

A COUNTERPART OF THE PRECEDING.

TREMBLING and slowly the Gudeman goes
To lay his auld Wife in her last repose,
And the cold clods are heaped on her aged breast
With a sound that is breaking his peaceful rest.
He hath laid her down where no eye can come,
And lonely and cheerless is now his home :—
For fifty years she hath soothed his care,
And cheerily borne of his woes her share.

He had won her love when his step was gay,
And his voice was clear as a child's at play,—
And his manly form was a pleasant sight
When he led her forth on their bridal night.
He leaneth now on his stalwart cane,
And his voice is that of a child again,
And it seems not true that the once gay groom
Is the trembling form at the auld wife's tomb.

Sadly he goes to his home again,
And he tries to smile, but he tries in vain,—
For a tear creeps up to his withered eye,
And his auld heart breaks with a mournful sigh.
His life is now as a troubled dream—
Yet scarcely of life do his actions seem—:
And happy, thrice happy, that hour shall be,
When the Gudeman's soul shall at last be free.

THE WAKON BIRD.

[Among some tribes of the North American Indians, there exists a fancy that a peculiar species of bird, to which this name is given, contains the spirit of some deceased friend. It is only seen at twilight, and in the dusk of the evening, hovering about the graves of the dead, and anon tamely entering the tenements of the friends of the departed; and it sometimes even submits to be taken and caressed.]

WHEN Twilight hath spread its thin veil o'er the land,
And Silence hath fallen on forest and plain—
The Wakon Bird flieth from Manitou's hand,
And breathes to the mourner its sorrowful strain.
Beneath the soft down of its snowy white breast,
A warrior's spirit hath found its retreat,—
And now, from its home in the land of the blest,
The loved of his life it returneth to greet.

'Tis a bird of the spirit-land—spotless and fair!

No taint of the earth on its plumage is found—
And when its low music is breathed on the air,
The grief of the mourner is hushed by the sound.
It teacheth the heart of the widowed to sing,
And cheers by its presence the gloomiest shade—
Till tired with its labors, it foldeth its wing
On the grief-riven breast of a loverless maid.

Blest bird of the spirit-land—wanderer free!

I watch thee as homeward thou wingest thy flight,
And sigh for the hour, when, unfettered like thee,
My spirit may soar to the regions of light.
Oh then, from those fields of unchangeable green,
Where all the brave warriors in council are met—
Each evening my spirit, like thee, shall be seen
Amid those loved haunts that I ne'er can forget.

THE INDIAN LOVERS.

NIGHT hath spread her ebon cloud
O'er Sarrahka's* breast of blue—
Chilling winds are whistling loud—
Lightnings glance upon the view.
On the beach Leolah stands—
Stands beside her lover there,—
High to heaven she lifts her hands—
Whispers low her fervent prayer.

In the camp her chieftain-sire
Raves in anger deep and wild—
Dooms her lover to the fire—
To the knife his maiden child.
Twenty warriors, fierce and bold,
Gather at his loud halloo :—
Who shall bid their arrows hold ?
Save them, mighty Manitou !

* The old Indian name for *Saratoga*.

See, he hears ! A light canoe,
Guided by a spirit hand,
Cleaves Sarrahka's breast of blue—
Rests before them on the strand.
“ Fly ! ” she cries, and o'er the lake,
Swift as arrows part the air,—
Deep within a tangled brake—
Safe she clasps her lover there.

THE INDIAN WIDOW.

THE chief to the battle hath fled—
His war-whoop hath died on the hill—
The eagle-plume waves o'er his head,
As he leaps over streamlet and rill.
Exultingly proud is the heart
That beats in the breast of his bride,
When she sees her bold warrior depart
In the dusk of a calm eventide.

She offers the rich sacrifice—
She prays to the Great Manitou—
Nor sleeps till the bountiful skies
Have steeped her dark hair in their dew.
She fasts till the light of the morn
Reveals to her weariless sight
The tribe on their joyful return,—
But where is the chief of the night ?

In vain doth she tremblingly ask
How her warrior fared in the strife,—
All shrink from the pitiful task
Of blasting the hopes of her life.
She reads her dark fate in their eyes—
She sinks on the green heather there—
“Great Spirit! receive me”—she cries,
And breathes out her soul with the prayer!

THE RETURN HOME.

ONCE more at home ! Full fifty years have passed,
And stamped their traces deeply on my brow—
Since on my head the same warm sky hath cast
Its light, amid my youthful haunts as now.
Tired of the world, the wanderer hath come
To make his grave where was his early home.

Again I stand within the humble cot
That saw my birth, my infancy, and youth :—
Yea, often here, upon this sacred spot,
My young heart leaped in buoyancy and truth.
Yet oh, how changed ! The crumbling hearth and wall
Bespeak the dwelling hastening to its fall.

Around this hearth, now desolate, how oft
Have I made one amid the family,
To listen to our mother's voice, so soft
When harshest—and the glittering tear to see,
That from the fount of her affection sprung,
And trembling on the dark hued lashes hung.

And then how often, at the close of day,
When shades were gathering on the western sky,
Have I beside her chair knelt down to pray,
Meekly, with upraised hands and half-shut eye;
While she, her child's devotion pleased to see,
Would join his vespers on her bended knee.

Alas, my native hearth is desolate!

The cricket only singeth here its lay :—
The place is vacant where my father sate—

My mother, brothers, sisters,—where are they ?
Go, ask the guardian of the gate of heaven—
They passed his portals on the wings of even!

Once more I wander through the busy street,
Yet all unnoticed by a word or bow :—
Yes, where an hundred would my coming greet,

There's not an eye to smile upon me now.
I am forgotten—age and care destroy
Each well-known feature of the gladsome boy.

I enter now the lane where oft I've strayed,
And seek the one who nursed my youth the while:
Her faithful breast my infant couch was made—
Sure, she will greet me with her wonted smile.
But no! That hillock, by the garden's side,
Tells but too plainly that she too hath died.

Where shall I wander now? Sick, sick at heart,
I gaze around for one familiar face
In vain. These are not childish tears that start
And roll successive o'er my withered face:—
Their secret fountain is within the soul,
Where Memory's turbid waters darkly roll.

I'll turn me to my wild and favorite stream,
Where oft I've bathed, or caught the golden roach:—
I fancy that the gems more brightly gleam,
And leap more merrily at my approach.
Bless thee, dear stream! Art thou the only thing
To bid me welcome with thy murmuring?

Once more amid the rocky hills ! Once more
Where I would oft the hours of youth beguile :—
They yet are true—and, from a foreign shore,
Their rugged faces greet me with a smile.
Thanks to their honest hearts ! Though friends forget,
I am remembered by the gray rocks yet !

I am not quite alone. Around me glide
Unnumbered beings of the unseen world ;—
And one dear spirit, hovering by my side,
Hath o'er my form her snow-white wings unfurled.
It is a token that my end is nigh,
And they but wait to bear my soul on high.

I'll hie me to the churchyard, where are laid
Those friends who loved me ere they joined the dead :
Beneath this willow shall my grave be made,
Where I may lay at rest my weary head ;
Then, all forgetting what in life hath passed,
Will the tired wanderer have a home at last.

THE SPIRIT'S COMMUNINGS.

I FEEL them with their rustling pinions sweeping
The damp dew gathering on my brow :
I see them in their lonely vigils, keeping
Their midnight watch beside me now.
I know that chainless spirits, in their love,
Are gazing on me from their homes above.

I feel upon my cheek their gentle breathing,
As silently I stand alone,
And know that from their pure brows they are wreath-
ing
A chaplet to adorn my own.
The world is present, but 'tis nought to me—
Though earth may clog, my spirit will be free.

Angelic spirits with my soul communing,
Lifting me far above the earth,
Where seraphim their golden harps are tuning,
To melodies of heavenly birth—
These—these are round me, and to cheer my soul,
When waves of sorrow darkly o'er me roll.

Earth, earth, away ! My sympathies are leaving
The sickly things of thy estate.
Angelic spirits, come ! My soul is cleaving
To thee, as to the dove its mate.
Heaven-born attendants ! To thy company
Admit a spirit struggling to be free.

Then shall I rove where summer winds are dwelling,
Gathering rich glories on my way :—
Then my freed spirit, holy rapture swelling,
Shall bask in one unending day :—
Then shall I gaze with unbecclouded eye
On regions of eternal purity.

Yet to the dark earth's shadowy dominion,
When to my God my vows are paid,
Oft will I wander on my viewless pinion,

At midnight's holy hour of shade,
Back unto those whose friendship, unforgot,
Shall hallow every still remembered spot.

Then to the old oak with its branches waving,
Where I have sat with her I love—
Or to the streamlet, the rich greensward laving,
Where we have watched the worlds above—
I will return and guard her, though unseen,
Whispering to her the things that once have been.

And then, when resting sweetly on her pillow,
Amid the dreamy hours of night,
I'll leave the old oak and the murmuring billow,
And guided by the moonbeam's light,
Haste to her couch, and in her dream of bliss,
Upon her brow imprint an unfelt kiss.

Yet shall she know me, and in visions smiling
Struggle to clasp me to her breast :—
Then will I watch her, and with words beguiling
'Mind her of an eternal rest :
And then, when death shall set her spirit free,
Will guard her home to glory and to me.

Earth, earth, away! My spirit upward soaring,
Gladly would leave thy low estate :
Angelic spirits in my breast are pouring
Rich streams of joy, and now they wait
To bear me swiftly to my home on high,
Where I may dwell in endless purity.

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

I may not wholly die ! The green-leaved tree
May by the lightning's fearful stroke be rent ;
Its lordly trunk may to the earth be bent,
And die—but there is no such death for me.

The violet, that lifts its modest head,
Wet with the dew drops of the opening morn—
Ere night may lie upon the sward, uptorn,
And fairies sing a requiem o'er the dead.

The wild gazelle, whose bright and melting eye
Seems to bespeak a human soul beneath,
May lie a stricken corse upon the heath,
Ere one day's sun can pass athwart the sky.

The nightingale, whose simple melody
Breaks on the silence of the deep midnight,
May cease its music ere the morning's light,
And on the turf with blood-stained plumage lie.

As the tree falleth shall it rest for aye—
When the flower droops it will not bloom again—
Nor shall the bird, by some rude archer slain,
Awake and sing—but *I* may *never* die !

Though through my veins the blood may cease to fly ;
Though from my eye the lustre may depart,
And the quick pulses stop within the heart ;
Yet, ev'n in death, I cannot wholly die !

Is there no region where the bird may flee,
When the fell shaft is plunged within its breast,
Up 'mid the summer clouds, and ever rest ?
None for the bird, and yet there's one for me !

PLACES FOR PRAYER.

AWAY to the forest, where tall trees are bending
Their green-mantled summits beneath the wild
storm—

Where lightning-lit vines, in their flame-wreaths ascending,

Enwrap in their folds the oak's patriarch form :
When the tempest-born whirlwind in madness is rushing

Against the firm trunks, and their giant forms crushing,
And its furious roar every low breeze is hushing—

Then haste to its depths, and thy *matins* perform.

Away from the world to the tempest-tossed ocean,
Where cavern-born billows their white crests up-
rear—

When the sea and the sky are in mingled commotion,
And the dark shades of night in the distance appear :

When the storm-spirit utters its wild, fitful crying,
And through the strained cordage the strong wind is
flying ;

When brave ships are sinking, and braver hearts
dying—

Then breathe forth thy *verses* to Him who will hear.

Or away to the streamlet, whose waters are gleaming
With diamond-like radiance upon their glad way :

When the pale rays of moonlight upon it are streaming,
And it sings o'er its rough bed a murmuring lay ;

Or away to the lonely cascade that is leaping
O'er water-worn crags, or the mountain-side sweeping ;

Or away to the spring, in its cold beauty sleeping,
In the dark glen embosomed—yea, go *there* and
pray!

THE MAGDALEN.

SHE lay upon her dying bed, in a hovel poor and mean,
And through the chinks within the wall the moon-
light might be seen :

Oh, how unlike the splendid room that circled her at
birth—

And how unlike the present scene was then that scene
of mirth !

Beside her dying pillow there watched no youthful
friend ;

There was no loving mother o'er her humble couch to
bend :

But the man of God who taught her soul the way of
truth and life,

Was kneeling now beside her, with his young and
gentle wife.

No jewels sparkled on her brow, amid her clustering
hair,

But, like a type of purity, one fair white rose was
there;—

It was her favorite flower in youth, and now a tale it told
Of heaven-accepted penitence—a boon not bought
with gold.

Her hour was come, and well she knew that death was
at her side,

For beings of the unseen world she saw around her glide;
And she lifted up her feeble voice and spoke to those
who heard,

In tones that seemed the warblings of some gentle
summer bird.

“My mother, Oh my mother! Weary years have
passed away,

Since at thy feet a humble child I knelt me down to
pray;

And happy hath it been for thee that thou wert called
to die,

Ere yet thy erring child had caused thy gentle heart to
sigh.

“ My father, Oh, my father ! Thy curse is on me yet,
And the tones in which thou dressed thy voice I never
shall forget,

When from my home thou bade me go with thy ban
upon my head—

Oh, father ! may'st thou never know how then my
young heart bled.

“ But father, when I meet thee where my soul is hast-
ing now,

Thou wilt not then deny me with a frown upon thy
brow,—

For, in my dying agony, it soothes my heart to know
That my spirit then shall wear a guise it wore long
years ago.

“ But ah ! if then I meet not *him* who won my youth-
ful love,

There still must be an inward grief in the happy world
above ;

For I have been taught this lesson through all my hap-
less fate—

That a trusting woman's heart may *break*, but it can-
not learn to *hate* !

In thee, my God and Father, confiding still, I trust
That his proud heart shall soften when this form hath
turned to dust ;—

And when above my ashes in anguish he shall bow,
Forgive him, oh my Savior! as I forgive him now.”

Now darkness clothed her vision, spread by the hand
hand of death :

His icy touch was on her lip, and stopped her linger-
ing breath.

A happy smile passed o’er her, as her spirit upwards fled.
One name, alone, was whispered, and the penitent was
dead.

That name was his who won her love and paid it with
his scorn,

And caused her to bemoan the hour whenever she was
born !

Oh it is the strangest thing on earth, that Woman
thus will cling

With an ardour that is deathless, to the hand that plants
the sting.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

'Tis Love alone that makes this earth
Less dreary than a desert wild :—
There would not be an hour of mirth
Had Venus died ere Cupid smiled.
Then why should I refuse to bring
My tribute to the gentle king ?

The Nightingale doth love the Rose—
The Dew-drop seeks the Lily's breast—
The Evening Star impassioned glows
Upon its own beloved West :—
All things below, and all above,
Do plainly teach that Man should *love*.

I will no more the lesson slight,
And keep my heart in icy chains,—
But break its bonds this very night,
And bid it wake a lover's strains :—
Perchance, fair lady, they may be
Addressed in earnest hope to *thee* !

THE DAUGHTERS OF COLUMBIA.

WE boast no line of high descent
From grandame or from sire ;—
Columbia's daughters are content
Without such vain attire.
No ducal crowns our fathers knew—
No baron's arms they bore ;
These vanished when the Mayflower drew
Her prow on Plymouth's shore.

We boast a higher lineage
Than *royal* blood can claim :
Our fathers dwell on Memory's page
In an eternal name.
'Tis written with an iron pen,
On marble tablets fair,
That they were *Nature's noblemen*—
And we their offspring are.

Call up the shades of ancient dames—
The brides of heroes slain,
Who fed and nourished Freedom's flames
Upon the battle plain :
In struggling for the mastery
With dames of other days,
Columbia's daughters, blithe and free,
Shall win the palm of praise.

Go, search Britannia's sea-girt isle,
And by Italia's streams,—
Search through the land where fairies smile,
And search the land of dreams :
No maidens robed in glittering gold
In princely circles move,
Who can, if simple truth be told,
Excel us—*when we love !*

TO THE PROUD ONE.

I know thee, lady ;—on thy lofty brow,
Once smooth and polished as a sculptured stone,
The lines of care are deeply graven now—
Remember that the work is all thine own.

Thine eye, once beaming with its lustrous light,
I see hath lost its former brilliancy ;
I loved it once, for not a star more bright
E'er decked the azure of the distant sky.

Thy rosy lip a smile was wont to wreath,
Such as the angels bring us in our sleep :—
That smile betokened joy and peace beneath ;—
Where is it now ? Shall I the secret keep ?

Thy voice was once like music :—every tone
Was like the breathing of some fairy bird
That thrilled the soul. Why doth the sorrowing moan
Now change the tenor of each spoken word ?

I know thee, lady. Time hath not the power
To quite efface the image in my heart.
Bethink thee now—Dost recollect the hour
When foolish pride bade me from thee depart ?

Nay, start not thus—nor sink in shame thine eye—
Nor seek to leave me :—we are all alone,
And thou *shalt* hear, though from the darkened sky
The lightnings blaze amid the thunder's tone.

I loved thee, Florence, with a love so deep
That queens in envy might have sought to lure :
And yet the heart I gave thou wouldst not keep,
For sapient reasons, lady ?—*I was poor !*

Sure, wrong it was for one of lowly birth—
An orphan and a child of poverty—
To think to woo the fairest of the earth :—
'Twas wrong, I say, to raise his thoughts so high.

Yet, in his folly he made known to thee
His love and hopes, and waited for thy smile :
He saw it, and in sorrow turned to flee—
'Twas one that would a fouler lip defile !

He then became a wand'rer o'er the earth—
Yet bore about thy image in his heart—
Till kings and princes, careless of his birth,
Of wealth and honors gave to him a part.

Then was he courted by the bright array
Of beauty that adorned the princely hall ;
But in his heart his imaged love held sway,
And taught him to despise and scorn them all.

The orphan to his loved and native land
In wealth and splendor now returns to dwell :
One word to her who erst refused his hand—
One look—the last—one word alone—Farewell !

SONNET.

WILDLY amid the mountain passes roars
The deep-voiced thunder, and the lightnings fly
Around its brow, or for a moment lie,
Childlike, upon its rugged breast. The shores
Send back their echoes, and the sound of oars
Is hushed upon the lake. The cricket's song,
And those of birds, have ceased ; and even Man,
With murmurs half-suppressed upon his tongue,
Looks up, the blackened firmament to scan,
Or seeks his home, and deems the moments long.—
Why fear the lightning, and the thunder's tone ?
Dost thou not know, O man ! that these but be
The oracles of God ! His voice alone
In sounds so terrible as these can speak to thee !

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO CINQUE.

ONCE more upon the waters ! Whither now,
Brave Cinque, do thy anxious wanderings tend ?
The gallant ship ! Say, doth her gilded prow
Again her way to climes of bondage wend ?
Art thou once more in chains, and borne along
To regions where thy fetters will be strong ?

Ah no ! Thou art a freeman now ! The air
You breathe is but the breath of Liberty !
No more of sorrow or of dark despair
Shall press thy noble heart. Aye, *thou art free !*
And even now, far o'er the trackless main,
The good ship flies to bear thee home again.

Home! Home!! thy soul must kindle at the word!

Thou art a *husband*; and thy doating wife
Will greet thee with a heart whose throbs are heard!

Thou art a *father*; thou hast given life
To those who soon will cling around thy knee,
And shout for joy their sire again to see.

Oh! might I then an unseen witness stand,
And see the greetings of thy kindred there—
The wild embrace—the grasping of the hand—
And hear the shouts that then will rend the air—
Of pleasure here I would an age resign,
That for a day I might unite in thine.

I charge you now, forget not those whose hands
And hearts were opened at your tale of grief:
Forget not him—that brave old man*—who stands
A noble monument of your relief:
Forget not any who have lent you aid,
And for their welfare let your prayers be made.

And most of all, forget not Him, whose name
Ye now have heard aright: Him whose strong hand

* John Quincy Adams.

Gave impulse to the helm when first ye came,
Heav'n guided, to this portion of our land :
Him who hath raised up friends to plead your cause,
And judges who have rightly read our laws.

Go, tell your kindred of the white man's God,
By whom your faces once again they see :
How He hath freed you from th' oppressor's rod,
And how His Truth hath made you doubly free :
And should the memory of your *friends* grow dim,
I charge you, on your souls, *forget not him !*

And now, farewell ! My spirit with you flies,
And Hope's bright eye looks far beyond the sea :
I seem to see your native hills arise,
And all your kindred gathered on the lea.
One prayer I breathe, ere yet you leave our strand—
God bless thee, Cinque, and thy native land !

F A M E .

WHERE dwells true Fame ?

'Tis not with those who course the battle-field,
With pointed spear and oft-ensanguined shield ;—
Whose thirsty troops, grown brutes by long excess,
Drink tears for wine, nor wish the draught were less.

Nor yet with those
Whose voices echo through the senate hall,
Or swell the clamor in the rude cabal ;—
Who boast aloud of patriotic fire,
And yet are ruled by Self's unchecked desire.

Nor yet with those
Who reign, the monarchs of the Mind's great world ;—
For if Religion hath not there unfurled
Her spotless standard, all their glories fade,
And death will plunge them into endless shade.

Nor yet with those
In whom the highest virtues are confest ;—
Man does but *Duty* when he does his best.—

Be this *my* Fame :—

That I have wiped the tear from Sorrow's eye,
And sighed with those whom Grief has taught to sigh :
That I have often crossed the *widow's* door,
And soothed her woe and some enlarged her store :
Have cheered the *orphan* on his lonely road,
And wooed the *wanderer* from her dark abode :
That I have *never* turned a heedless ear,
Or sightless eye, to Suffering's groan or tear.

And when some friend my epitaph shall write,
And marble letters meet the gazer's sight,
Be this the line for every eye to scan—
“ Here lies an honest and a *generous* man !

THE WIFELESS.

THEY said that she was dying, and I flew
With hasty step, to stand beside her bed :
They bade me look upon the pallid hue
That clothed her features as the spirit fled,
And mark the closing of her rayless eye,
Whose beams now centered in eternity.

They said that she would never speak again,
Nor greet me with her fond and wonted smile :
That she, who in my arms so oft had lain,
Would never more my saddened hours beguile :
How could a husband's heart believe the tale,
Nor heave a sigh, nor feel his cheek grow pale ?

It then was night, and how I ever passed
The dreary hours till morning's light appeared
I know not ;—then, I saw, some one had cast
A sheet o'er that sweet form to me endeared :
I asked “ what means it ? ” and my throbbing head
Grew wilder when they whispered she was dead.

Dead ! dead ! I deemed them jesting, and my hand
Was fain to strike the careless answer down ;
But, with a tear, she bade me come and stand
Beside the couch : I did so, and a frown
Was on my brow, that such a fearful word
Should ever by a husband's ear be heard.

They moved the sheet :—I saw a pallid cheek,
A bloodless lip and eyelids close compressed :
I felt the heart within me growing weak,
And an oppression on my heaving breast.
Was that my wife ? It might not, could not be,—
She would not die nor speak one word to me.

They said that she was dead, but I did trust
That life would yet reanimate the form,—
That gentle Heaven would breathe upon the dust,
And yield her back to me, life-like and warm :
So firmly did I trust that scarce a sigh
Escaped my lips or tear bedewed my eye.

Lonely I laid me on my couch that night,
And strove to while away the hours by sleep :
I knew she would return ere morning's light

To glad the eyes that were forbid to weep.
That 'twas not death I saw I knew full well,
And yet my agony was terrible.

At morn I entered in a darkened room,
And saw, upon a table standing there,
A new made coffin ! Then a cloud of gloom
O'erwrapt my heart, and then, I wanted air.
A weight pressed on my soul and made me weak,
And for a time I dared not, could not speak.

I opened carefully the coffin's lid,
And moved the muslin tremblingly away,
That I might see the treasure which it hid :
I saw—oh God ! that e'er I saw that day—
I saw a sight that half congealed my blood,
And paralysed me as aghast I stood.

I saw a female form that wore the guise
Of her who once had been my darling wife !
They told me death for aye had sealed her eyes,
And yet I thought she would return to life.
I kissed her lips, but they were cold as clay,
And with a bursting heart I turned away.

What next ? I do remember that a crowd
Had gathered round me, and a prayer was said—
I know not what its import. I was bowed,
Lowly, that I might hide the tears I shed.
What next ? A carriage—then a long array,
Which followed silently a weary way.

And then, oh God ! I saw that coffin placed
Upon the turf beside an open grave :
And then, with bursting heart and eye, I traced
The rites that followed. Would that I might save
My soul the utterance of that despair
Which seized upon me like a whirlwind there.

What next ? I know not. Here am I again
Within our favorite room. On yonder bed
How oft hath she upon my bosom lain,
And smoothed the straying locks upon my head.
How oft have I here sported with our child,
While she hath kissed its rosy cheeks and smiled.

Poor baby ! thou wast never doomed to know
How dear a mother nursed thy infancy !
Thou may'st not ever kiss her cheek or brow,

Or catch the glances of her sparkling eye.
Alas ! alas ! a father's care will be
But poor amends for lost maternity.

And here am I *alone*. My heart is full,
And cannot utter all its agony :
My eyes are streams,—and my o'erburdened soul
Throbs in the plentitude of misery.
I will be calm and kiss the rod I feel,—
I know that He who bruises yet will heal.

My wife ! how fondly shall thy memory
Be shrined within the chamber of my heart :—
Thy virtuous worth was only known to me,
And I can *feel* how hard it is to part.
Farewell, sweet spirit ! thou shalt ever be
A star to guide me up to heaven and thee.

THE SISTERLESS.

SWEET sister ! art thou dead ? I seem to feel
Thy gentle presence near me while I sit
Within the room where I was wont to steal
Beside thy dying couch. Blest visions flit
Before me as the sorrowing tear I shed—
Surely, sweet sister, thou canst not be dead !

Thy form is absent—I no longer see
Thy gentle face, and love-expressing eye,
Whose fondest glance was often turned on me,
Even in thy hours of deepest agony ;
And yet, canst thou be dead when day and night
I see that eye in all its meteor light ?

I know thy lip no longer meeteth mine
In those long kisses of ecstatic love—
Those lips, more rosy than the richest wine,
Have found another object far above ;
And yet, I fancy oft, at eve's still hour,
I feel thy kiss in all its blissful power.

I see thee in the slumb'rous hour of night,
When sleep hath wrapped me in her dreamy wing—
I see thee in a vision blest and bright,
And press thy hand, and hear thee sweetly sing ;
Surely, sweet sister, thou canst not be dead,
When such blest visions on my sleep are shed !

I HAVE NO SISTER NOW ! Oh ! blame me not,
If from mine eye I cannot keep the tear ;
A sister's love can never be forgot,
And she to my lone heart was doubly dear.
I have no sister now ! Oh ! let me weep,
And o'er her grave my lonely vigils keep.

Oh ! blame me not, if my o'erburdened heart
Be almost bursting in its wild excess :
Alas ! it is a dreadful lot to part

Forever with a sister's fond caress,
To feel no more her kiss upon my cheek—
Nor meet her glancing eye—nor hear her speak.

Alas! I am a lonely being now—
Shut out forever from a sister's love:
My young heart hath been early taught to bow,
And mourn its loss as doth the widowed dove.
Forgive me, then, if on my youthful face
The hand of sorrow leaveth many a trace.

Forgive me, if my voice no more is heard
To breathe the merry tones of former days;
And blame me not if grief should tinge each word—
And oh! forbear within my heart to gaze;
For lowly I have been constrained to bow—
Alas! alas! I have no sister now!

THE MOTHERLESS.

I NEVER knew what 'twas to have
A mother kind and good,
To cheer me when I would be grave
And chide me when I'm rude.
I never felt upon my cheek
Her soft and gentle kiss,
And never, never heard her speak
In tones of tenderness.

She never comes, at morning light,
To hear my waking sound,
Nor, when I lay me down at night,
To close the curtains round.
She is not near me when I play
Amid the open air,
Nor when I kneel me down to pray
Beside my little chair.

I'm sure that I would like to sit
All day beside her seat,
And watch her fingers, as they knit
A stocking for my feet.
And then, perhaps she'd read to me
From out some pretty book—
I'm sure I should be full of glee
To see her pleasant look.

I see the other girls around
A mother's fondness prove,
But I have never heard the sound
Of a fond mother's love.
I cannot think what I have done—
I've always spoken true—
Why can't I with the others run
And kiss a mother too ?

In yonder quiet burial ground—
Just by that willow tree—
There riseth up as green a mound
As you could wish to see.
A tall white stone is at its head,
A small one at the foot,

And violets and roses red,
And pinks have there been put.

One day I wandered there alone—
I know not how or why,—
And leaned against the tallest stone—
'Tis twice as tall as I.
Some letters were upon its face,
I saw them as I stood,
And thought it would be nice to trace
Their meaning if I could.

A little silver pen I had—
My teacher's premium—
She gave it me when I was sad
And crying o'er a sum.
Then spelled I with my silver pen
The words "IN MEMORY ;"
Then came a little "of" and then
My own name "MARY LEE !"

I put my hand upon my head
To think what it could mean—
I knew *I* never had been dead

And come to life again,
'Twas long before I understood
The words which I had read,
And then an overwhelming flood
Of burning tears I shed.

Now daily when the sun hath gone,
And from my tasks I'm free,
I wander there and sit alone
Beneath that willow tree.
With many tears, amid my prayer,
That tall white stone I lave,
For I suppose it rises there
To mark my mother's grave.

THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER.

BENEATH the silvery moon
An Army's tents were spread,
And softly on the slumbering earth
The dews of heaven were shed.
No sound of battle then
Was heard amid the dell—
Naught but the dull and heavy tread
Of the sleepless sentinel.

The weary soldiers slept,
And sweet was their repose,—
Yet must they wake to mortal strife
When the morning herald crows :
For, distant but a league,
The foe's white tents are seen,—
And only till the coming dawn
Is it neutral ground between.

Life in the hostile camp !
They may not, dare not rest ;—
'Tis a troublous thought that dwells
In every foeman's breast.
On the morrow must they meet
A bold, determined band,
Whose watchword carries might—
“ God and their suffering land !”

The leader of the foe
On a thorny pillow lies,
And gloomy phantoms hover round
To vex his sleepless eyes ;
For he knows that with the dawn,
He must lead his army on
To a most inglorious strife,
Till the field is lost or won.

Not in unquiet rest
Was the leader of the free ;
Where the forest spread its shade
The warrior bent his knee :
He bared his noble brow
By the sparkling streamlet's shore,

And his solemn prayer to Heaven
The whispering zephyr bore.

Oh ! who shall know the might
Of the words he uttered there ?
The fate of nations then was turned
By the fervour of his prayer.
But wouldst thou know his name,
Who wandered there alone ?
Go, read enrolled in Heaven's archives
The prayer of WASHINGTON !

THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

YE who have power to bid the tear
From out its secret fountain flow,
Fear not to grace the funeral bier
With this mute emblem of your woe.
Ye have a holy precedent
In Him who died the world to save,—
When o'er Lazárus' tomb he bent,
And wept above his grassy grave.

The tear of meek Repentance gleams
Upon your Maker's diadem,
But not more beautiful it beams
Than this—the mourner's pearly gem.
For, ere it mingles with the clay,
An angel claims it for his own,—
Then through the air he wings his way,
And bears it to th' Almighty's throne.

ON A VENUS DE MEDICIS.—BY CANOVA

As beauteous Venus, in a freak, one day
Surveyed her charms before a crystal mirror,
She suddenly was struck with terror,
For on her breast she felt a warm hand lay,—
And, looking round, beheld a stranger standing,
Whom she bade begone with speech commanding.
Crouching, with one breast hid, she bent to pray
That Jove would hide her shame: Then from his
throne
The God came down, and changed her breathing
form to stone.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

Oh lady fair ! Thy raven hair
Is soft as the down on a lily's lip,
And it rests on a brow as pure as snow,—
Shaming the stone by its spotless glow :
And the brightest star on a summer sky
Fades into dimness beside thine eye :
And thy rosy lip, where the warm breath dwells,
Hath a sweet perfume in its secret cells :
And thy red round cheek, and thy dimpled chin,
Might tempt the purest saint to sin :
And he who noteth thy form of grace
Can never a beauty in Venus trace.
Thou art painfully beautiful, lady fair !
And I weep as I gaze on thy lovely face,—
For the spirit of dull Decay is there,
Stamping his name over every grace !

Oh lady fair ! Thy raven hair
A couch for revelling worms must be !
Throned on thy lofty brow, their queen
Shall sit in her robes of loathsome green,
Feeding, and sleeping, and waking again
To revel afresh on thy delicate brain :
And the rich red lip thou denied to me,
In the pride of thy maiden purity,
Shall be covered with kisses that leave behind
A fouler blight than of human kind :
And thy damask cheek, that I dared not press,
Shall shrink not then from the worm's caress.
Oh lady fair ! They shall feed and sleep,
And wake to revel, till years have gone,—
And their queen her throne on thy brow shall keep,
Till naught is left but the fleshless bone !

THE UNDER-CURRENT.

O'ER the dark waters of a rock-bound lake
A single boat its onward journey made,—
Leaving behind it in its narrow wake
A line of light to cheer the midnight shade.

No oars were seen upon the thwarts to play—
No sails were bent to catch the summer breeze—
No human force propelled it on its way—
No hand was there the shifting helm to sieze.

Unmindful of the rapid wind that played
Around its prow, or beat against its side,
The little boat some unseen Power obeyed,
And moved right onward like a thing of pride.

The waves were ruffled as a storm arose,
And then it danced upon the whitened foam,—
Yet still went on, like him who onward goes
Through wind and rain to reach his distant home.

There was an *under current*, mightier far
Than all the winds that sought to check its course,—
And thus, 'mid all the elemental war,
It still moved on, o'ercoming all their force.

'Tis thus with man :—The storms of Passion roll,
And cares and troubles press on every side,—
But there's an *under current* in his soul,
Enabling him o'er Life's wild sea to ride.

A SONG OF FREEDOM

WHEN through the dark air the wild hurricane flies,
And the thunders are out in their might,—
'Tis then that the eagle mounts up to the skies,
On a wing like a pinion of light.
With a smile he looks down on the tempest below,
And he shaketh his plumes in his glee,—
And amid all its fury he singeth—" Oho !
" Oho ! I am free ! I am free !"

'Tis thus that my spirit looks down from its height
On the cares and the passions of life,—
And high o'er them all, in a region of light,
It smiles at the pitiful strife.
Like the eagle I gaze on the tempest below,—
But what is its fury to me ?
With the sunlight around me, I'm shouting—" Oho !
" Oho ! I am free ! I am free !"

'Tis thus that our country—God bless her for aye!—

Looks down on the nations of earth,—

For Freedom first opened her eyes to the day

In the struggle that gave us our birth.

Unshaken, we gaze on the tempest below,—

Secure from its fury are we ;—

And from ocean to ocean we'll still shout "Oho!

"Oho! we are free! we are free!"

THE FAIR OF OUR LAND.

A SONG for the fair of our own native land—
The land of the free and the blest !
We drain the full cup to the beautiful band—
The light and the pride of the west.
Let every voice in the chorus unite—
No quarter to those who deny—
Till the echo, resounding from valley to height,
Shall shake with its thunder the sky.

Wherever the wing of the eagle hath been,
Or the starry flag waves in the breeze,
The forms of Columbia's daughters are seen
As gay and unfettered as these.
In palace, in cottage, where'er they are found,
The Spirit of Freedom is there,—
And though we have trampled our chains to the ground,
We are slaves at the feet of the Fair.

Let haughty old England exult in her queen,
And boast of her brilliant array :—
Enthroned in our bosoms our maidens are seen,
And Love is the sceptre they sway.
Then a song for the Fair of our own native land—
The land of the free and the blest !
We drain the full cup to the beautiful band—
The light and the pride of the west.

MUSIC.

THERE is music, rich music, wherever we go,
In our wearisome paths on our journey below,—
In the blue bubbling streamlet that wends to the sea—
In the song of the bird, and the hum of the bee.

There are musical notes to be heard in the way,
From the dawn to the close of each beautiful day,—
And at night, to the rose that's asleep in the glade,
The nightingale singeth his sweet serenade.

There is music in air when the wild thunders rave,
And the hurricane howls o'er the mariner's grave,—
And when, 'mid the lightnings that revel on high,
The Storm-Spirit utters its ominous cry.

Within the lone church-yard the aspen doth wave
Its sensitive boughs o'er the weary one's grave,—
And the spirit whose breath moves the delicate leaf,
Hath a musical voice that assuageth my grief.

The language of Friendship hath melody too—
The voice of the fond, and the loved, and the true :
But richer, and dearer, and sweeter to me,
Is the voice, gentle lady, that cometh from thee !

MY REPOSE IS FLED.

ALAS ! my sweet repose is fled—
My thoughts will suffer no control,—
The lovely bird of Peace is dead,
And wild confusion fills my soul.
Ah, woe is me ! I sit and muse
On quiet hours that once I knew,
And oftentimes my hands refuse
Their wonted labour to pursue.

It was not thus till Evandale
First crossed my path, and spoke my name :—
Then blushed my cheek that once was pale,
And blushed again whene'er he came.
I cannot tell what secret spell
Hath bound my thoughts on him to rest,—
But this I know, and know too well,
His witching words control my breast.

I cannot drive him from my sight,
From morning till the even tide,—
And through the dreamy hours of night
He's ever present at my side.
Who now will peace to me impart,
Or calmness on my spirit shed ?
Alas ! he stole my maiden heart,
And all my sweet repose is fled.

I LOVE HIM YET.

OH mother ! bid me not forget
The one whose name thou wilt not hear,
For oh ! I love the traitor yet—
His name to me is ever dear.
The scenes of other days are gone,
Except the hour when first we met :—
My thoughts will rest on him alone—
I blame him—but I love him yet !

I love him yet ! He little knew,
When to a fairer bride he turned,
How fond, how faithful, and how true
The love that in my bosom burned.
Though all the world pronounce him base,
And hourly urge me to forget,—
His image I can ne'er efface—
I love--I love—I love him yet !

I saw him with his fairer bride,
And with *her* child upon his knee :—
I marshalled all my maiden pride,
But oh ! he still was dear to me.
Though years, long years, have passed away,
And I have striven to forget,—
Though growing old in Hope's decay—
I love—I love—I love him yet !

THE GIPSY GIRL'S ADDRESS.

FAIR maiden, robed in loveliness,
Fear not the homely gipsy-girl :—
She will not touch thy spotless dress,
Nor lightly harm a single curl.
List, now, while she reveals to thee
The secrets of thy destiny.

Fair must thy fortune be, sweet maid,
For fair and beautiful art thou,—
And, ere the rose of Youth shall fade,
To thee a noble heart shall bow.
Refuse it not—that heart will break,
If thou its offered love forsake.

And thine shall be a happy lot,
For love shall make thy pathway bright ;—
Pray, let her not be then forgot,
Who told thee of that scene of light ;—
But when thy dear ones all are near,
Oh ! give the gipsy girl a tear.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG.

FAREWELL, farewell to the castle's dome—
Farewell to the shady lea :—
A long farewell to the landsman's home,
For 'tis not the place for me.

My home is upon the ocean wave—
My wife is my bonny boat :—
I would rather sleep in a watery grave
Than leave her hull afloat.

With her stern of green, her prow of gold,
And her dress like driven snow,—
I'll love her name till my heart is cold,
Then die with a "Yo! heave! yo!"

THE BEAUTY OF THE MIND.

WE talk of beauty that is seen
Where'er we turn our eager eyes—
Of woods and fields of verdant green,
And rosy clouds on summer skies,—
Of purling streams, and valleys mild—
Of gorgeous plains, and mountains wild,—
But richer beauties we may find
Embedded in the Human Mind.

The blushing flowers of Spring are bright,
By garden-walk or mountain-stream :—
The daisy's hues of golden light
Amid the meadow sweetly gleam ;—
But not a flower can e'er reveal
A tint to make the gazer feel,
Like those, in faultless taste combined,
That flourish in the Human Mind.

The diamond in its native mine,
Or sparkling on a pearly neck ;—
The silver on a costly shrine—
The gold that serves a bride to deck—
Have beauty all, and all delight
To shine in gems and jewels bright,—
But richer far, and more refined,
The gems that glow within the Mind.

I'd rather own those flowers that bloom—
Those gems that shine so brightly there—
Than all the gold in Nature's womb,
And all that glows in upper air.
Those flowers shall never fade and die—
Those gems shall ever meet the eye—
No Power their changeless power can bind,
For deathless is the Human Mind.

THE MISSING BRIDE.

WHAT meaneth yon gallant array of pride ?
They are bearing away a beautiful bride
From the place of her birth, and the home of her youth,
And have forced her cold lips to forswear her truth.

She sits by the side of a lord she must hate,
And her heart is broken and desolate :—
She hears his voice, and her tones are low,
When to all his caresses she answers, “ No !”

She loves him not, though she be his bride,
And she will not humor his lordly pride :—
She hath sworn that her bridal bed shall be
A tombstone under a greenwood tree !

Beneath that stone, in their foul decay,
The bones of her hapless lover lay,—
And worms are feasting upon his brain,
Where an ugly toad all day hath lain.

She reacheth the castle—all hail to the bride !
All hail to the lord who returneth in pride !
The revellers gather—the dancers are met—
And in the wide hall the long tables are set.

The feasting is over—the dancing is done—
And the yeomen are resting to wake with the sun,—
And the lord of the castle with light feet hath sped,
To salute the fair maid in the bridal bed.

What ho ! ye that wait on the lady fair,—
The bride's room is vacant—the bride is not there !
They hunt the house over with torch and with light,
But the lord of the castle sleeps lonely this night.

O'er moorland and mountain—through forest and fell—
The young bride is flying, and speedeth she well—
And she swears that her bridal bed shall be
The tombstone under the greenwood tree.

MORNING.

MORN breaks upon the waters, and the sun
Looks out to gaze upon the silvery lea:—
Light-winged, the zephyr hath its race begun,
And the swift lark her early minstrelsy.
Day dawns upon the deep : from shore to shore,
Where murmuring wavelets kiss the pebbly beach,
The beams of light are spread. The seaman's oar
Cuts the pellucid surface, and with each
Gigantic effort urges on his bark.
Roused from their slumbers in the ocean caves,
The finny race, with glossy sides, to mark
The day-god's beauty, part the laughing waves.
Earth, from her couch, now opes her thousand eyes,
To gaze with gladness on the new-born day,—
While from her lips ten thousand matins rise,
In low-voiced breathings, as the timid pray.

Wild birds, the untaught minstrels of the wood,
With tuneful voices swell the general song,—
While feebler notes from every new-fledged brood,
With echoing tones the chorus gay prolong.
The light cascade leaps gaily down the rock,
With sparkling foam and circling eddies frail,—
Its ceaseless murmurs seeming but to mock
The mournful music of a weeper's wail.
The mists are creeping o'er the mountain's height,
In light wreaths curling to the distant skies,—
Revealing to th' enraptured gazer's sight
The grey-capped summits that to heaven arise.
Joy to the earth ! Night's murky veil is raised,
And Sleep's strong fetters bind the world no more,—
And where the eye on lonely darkness gazed
Morn's rosy smiles now rest on hill and shore.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis night, deep night : The distant mount hath clad
His rugged beauty in a robe of gloom—
Like some lone mourner, who, with visage sad,
Puts on the dismal garments of the tomb.
The light of day hath faded, and the sky
Hath drawn a mantle o'er her blushing face,—
Hiding her beauty from the wishful eye,
That fain her fairest lineaments would trace.
Darkness hath veiled Earth's pleasant scenes from
view—
Hushed are the whispering winds and murmuring
waves
The glittering gems upon the ocean blue
Are buried deep within their transient graves.

Night hath dominion now—the queenly Night—
And lulls the troubles of the day to rest :—
The fancies of her handmaid Sleep are bright,
And furnish joy to many a sorrowing breast.
But see, the moon, from out the eastern sky,
Is rearing now her crests of burning gold :—
The radiant stars are looking from on high,
Like guardian watchers o’er the slumbering fold.
The night-bird in the neighbouring glen awakes,
To glad the watcher with her midnight song,—
Upon whose ear the hallowed music breaks,
Like tones of beauty from a seraph’s tongue.
The forest slumbers :—not a leaf is stirred,
Save on the melancholy aspen’s bough :—
Within its depths no human voice is heard,
To break the silence that enwraps it now.
Peace to the Earth ! Day’s garish beams have fled,
And Sleep’s soft fetters bind the world again,—
And many a wretch lies happy on his bed,
Whose days are passed in poverty and pain.

THE WORKING MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

THE life that I am forced to lead
Doth make my heart in secret bleed,
For daily I am forced to be
A fettered bondsman 'mid the free.
I rise to toil with hand and head—
Sweating, I earn my children's bread—
Lay down at night, fatigued and worn
With toils I through the day have borne.

But ah ! how peaceful is my rest !
My loving wife doth make my breast
A pillow for her weary head,
And dreams of brighter moments fled.
My babies slumber by my side,
And far away in fancy glide—
Where angel hands their bed prepare,
And woo them by their smiling there.

I would not change my humble life—
My prattling babes and darling wife—
For all the glory, power, and state
Of those the world pronounces great.
Ah no! the home my labor buys,
Though poor it be, I dearly prize :—
I'd rather all my toil endure,
Than live upon the suffering poor.

TO MY WIFE, ON RETURNING FROM A
JOURNEY.

OH! never more from thee I'll stray,
My own beloved wife!
I am not happy when away
From thee—my more than life!
There may be fairer cheeks than thine,
And lips of rosier hue,—
But they cannot tempt this heart of mine,
That beats alone for you.

'Mid all the glare and gaudy show
That fills the world we see,

There is no home for me to go
Like that which shelters thee.
Fatigued by rambling, I return
To my beloved home,—
And, as our rich Affections burn,
I wish no more to roam.

I've been where haughty Beauty sought
To lure me by her smile,—
And thousands never would have fought
Against the syren's wile.
But I repelled the tempting foe—
I thought alone of thee—
And then, 'mid all her Passion's glow,
She could not conquer me.

There may be fairer cheeks than thine,
And lips of rosier hue,
But they cannot tempt this heart of mine,
That beats alone for you.
One smile from thee hath power to wake
A thousand joys within,
And oh! 'tis for thy own dear sake
That I am free from sin.

Exert thy power, and keep me free—

I seek no more to roam—

Forever will I stay with thee,

And love my humble home.

And oh ! if I can call the light

Of joy within thine eye,—

My heart, rejoicing at the sight,

Shall cease to weep and sigh.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED FEMALE FRIEND,
WHO HAD LAIN IN HER GRAVE EIGHTEEN MONTHS BEFORE I
HEARD OF HER DECEASE!

Oh thou pure spirit of mine ancient friend !
A moment from thy holier duties lend,
To hear me speak the deep, deep grief that dwells
Within my stricken heart's most secret cells.

When first I saw thee, Time had not effaced
The lines of light that all thy features graced,—
Had stayed the *hand* that makes the strongest bow,
And only laid a *finger* on thy brow.
The bloom of health then crimsoned on thy cheek,
Though fifty years had made thy footsteps weak.
Thou saw and loved me :—saw me at an hour
When I was crushed beneath Affliction's power,—
And loved me for—for what I cannot tell,
Unless it was because *I loved so well !*
How bled my heart, till thou the balm applied
That healed my wounds, and won me to thy side !

How few, like thee, preserve, in all their youth,
The heart's first feelings pure as purer Truth!
The dearest ties within thy memory blend—
Thou wert my mother, monitor, and friend!
How have I, like a fond, confiding child,
Reposed my grief upon thy breast and smiled,—
While thou, with all a mother's tenderness,
Hast soothed my sorrow with thy pure caress!
How have I studied o'er the page that shone
With thoughts of thine that in my mind have grown!
How have I sought, and wept, and prayed to be
Worthy the friendship thou professed for me!

When last I saw thee, thou wert racked with pain—
Yet my fond faith beheld thee healed again.
Thou scarcely knew me in thy great distress,
But yet enough to kiss me and to bless.
Alas! alas! that that dear kiss should be
The last, last token I received from thee!

And thou art gone! and months on months have fled,
Since thou hast lain amongst the breathless dead!
Sure some kind Fate, who knew my love for thee,
Hath kept the secret until now from me!
Unkind! I would that I had known the hour
When thou wert borne to Death's secluded bower,—

I would have bent my knee in silent prayer,
And sought thy spirit's deep delights to share.

Yet deem not that I grieve as one bereft
Of every source of joy :—There yet is left
The conscious faith that if a Heaven there be
For spotless souls, it sure must be for *thee* !
Nor art thou wholly gone :—Ev'n now I feel
Thy gentle Presence on my vigils steal :—
I feel thy breath upon my burning brow—
And oh, my spirit surely *sees* thee now !
How soon shall I these fetters cast aside,
And dwell with thee where streams of Pleasure glide ?
Oh, watch me yet ! I am not fit to dwell
In this bad world, without a sentinel !
Be, then, with her, whose loss I yet deplore,
My guardian angels, till I sigh no more !

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[It is said that during the eloquent defence made by this distinguished man, against the combined attack upon him during the Congressional Session of 1841-2, Messrs. Wise, Marshall, and other prominent opponents, were so galled by his remarks that they could not keep their seats, but wandered about the Hall like frightened ghosts!]

AYE, there he stands ! The lion stands at bay,
And opens wide his most terrific jaw :
And see, the coward vermin flee away
Before the waving of his lifted paw.
Brave sportsmen ye ! Go hang your heads in shame,
That having roused ye dare not face the game !

Oh men of little might ! How vain the boast
That ye were *wise-r* than your sires of old !
For when, at last, ye *marshall*-ed all your host,
In shame, at once, beneath his feet ye rolled.
Be warned—be warned—and venture not again
Too near the giant whom ye thought was slain.

THE STILLING OF THE WAVES.

'Twas midnight on the waters, and there rode
A slender bark upon the swelling flood.
The moon and stars had vanished from the sky,
And tempest-nourished winds were hurrying by,
Bestowing in their wild and wayward wrath,
Sad, fearful desolation in their path.
The waves were tossed in mountains to the sky,
And danger banished sleep from every eye.
The thunder roared tempestuously loud,
And lightnings broke from out the surcharged cloud.

It was a time to fear, as, tossed to heaven,
The slender sails by furious winds were riven.
It was a time to fear, and those who stood
Upon the vessel, when they saw the flood
Come on in angry majesty, were bowed
In agony. The seamen wept aloud,
And lifted up their voices, tuned to grief,
To him who was their Master and their Chief.
He heard not, for He lay in gentle sleep,
And heeded not the terrors of the deep.
He rested sweetly, and there dwelt a smile
Upon his holy lips, that might beguile
The cares and sorrows of the world away—
He had been wearied by a toilsome day.
The rich, dark locks were curled upon his brow—
The flush upon his cheek was deep'ning now—
He stirred, and whispered some delightful word—
'Twas like the music of a fairy bird—
And then the smile came on, as if a gleam
Of heav'n was mingled with his midnight dream.
Might not the Saviour dream, and smile to see,
Although in visions, what his end would be?
They came and woke him. As he ope'd his eyes
There beamed a radiance, as if from the skies:—

“Save, Lord, we perish!” was their fearful cry,
While glancing upwards to the angry sky.
It was enough:—the Saviour gently rose,
And kindly bid his followers calm their woes:—
“Peace, peace, be still!” The rolling waves were
stayed—
The storms were over and the winds allayed.

Peace, troubled soul! The Saviour bids thee rest,
And calm the tumult raging in thy breast.
Into thy heart let his sweet smile descend,
For He will be thy Brother and thy Friend!

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Oh tell me by what unseen hand
The music of those chords is wrought,—
And teach me from what spirit-land
Those strains of melody are brought !

Perchance an angel from on high
Is bending lightly on the lyre,
And striking notes, that live and die
As sweetly as the saints expire !

Perchance a seraph-sister's form
Is stooping o'er the magic lute :—
Perchance her finger's impress warm
Inspires the strings that else were mute.

Perchance an unseen Fairy sings
In gentle tones its sweetest lay,—
And, breathing on its slender strings,
Diffuses music on her way.

Perchance again—but why perchance ?
Why suffer Fancy thus to rove ?
The *cause* is in the blue expanse—
The *minstrel* is the God we love !

For cannot He, who formed the Earth,
And holds the universe in sway,
Make music too, of gentle birth,
To cheer us on our gloomy way ?

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Ah! where is he on whom the nation laid
Its highest honors? He, whose name was made
The watchword in the not inglorious strife?
Alas! he bought his honors with his life.

A brighter sun ne'er bathed the earth in light,
Than that which shone upon the veteran's sight,
When, rising from his couch, he hailed the day
That banished all his private self away.
And when before the gathered host he came,
And heard their joyous shouts resound his name,—
He did not see amid that happy crowd,
The face of him to whom all kings have bowed.

Amid the echoes of that noisy throng,
He did not hear the solemn funeral song:
Yet, when another moon had circled round,
Within his halls was heard a fearful sound,—
For he, who had done battle with the foe
That sought his country's harm, was lying low
Among the shadows of approaching death,
And faint and feebler grew his dying breath.
Till now he ne'er had yielded: he had met
And conquered thousands in the battle set—
Had triumphed over scorn, and proudly rode
The swelling torrent that beneath him flowed—
Stood, like the oak, erect before the blast,
And gathered vigor while the whirlwind passed.
But now, his battle blade was broke in twain—
His pointless pen he might not wield again:
The king of terrors was the victor now,
And death's pale seal was stamped upon his brow.
He died amid the splendors that delight
The heart of man, but to his anxious sight
Came not, in answer to his fervent prayers,
The aged partner of his many cares;
And if a pang came o'er him as he died,
It was that she was absent from his side.

Her tears fell not alone : the nation wept,
And o'er his bier a day of mourning kept.

Well might our country's eagle fold his wing,
And cease awhile his hallowed notes to sing :
Well might her angel sink his banner far,
And dim the lustre of the stripe and star ;
For, when a nation's benefactor dies,
The tears of grief should fill a nation's eyes.

ON THE LOSS OF THE STEAM-SHIP PRESIDENT.

WHAT scene is this upon the stormy deep,
Where mountain billows from their cradles leap ?
The elements are all at war ! The sky
Hath laid its garb of quiet beauty by,
And from its bosom flies the living fire !
The thunder lifts its voice ! the winds conspire
With angry waves, to drive the maddened ship
Full on her own destruction ! Every lip
Speaks words of terror and of wild despair,
For well they know there is no succor there !—

Wave pressed on wave—the creaking timbers shook ;
The yawning gulph met every anxious look.
Blast followed blast :—the helm refused its course—
The masts were snapped beneath the whirlwind's force ;
Lightning on lightning streamed athwart the sky,
And thunders rolled in quick succession by.

Another blast—another flash of light—
Alas ! the last that ever met their sight !
And thus the PRESIDENT went down : and He
Alone who knows each corner of the sea,
Can tell the spot where lies her shattered hull,
O'er which, unmindful, flies the wild sea-gull.
And not the ship alone, for in her fate
Full many a hearth was rendered desolate.
The father, husband, brother, lover, friend,
In dread confusion found a common end :
The mother clasped her infant to her breast,
And met the wave that had devoured the rest.
All, all went down amid that fearful gale,
And not a soul was left to tell the tale.
Oh what an hour for those whose spirits flew
To deeper darkness than the ocean knew !
Away the thought ! We'll trust that time was given
For all to make their peace with injured Heaven.

PLEA FOR THE SAILOR.

WHEN lightnings blaze across the sky,
And thunders roll their tones,
And Ocean spirits madly howl
In wild and fearful groans, —
High on the mast the sailor stands—
Unterrified is he—
He recks not of his danger there,
But braves the storm for thee!

Perchance he hath a wife at home—
Perchance hath children dear,—
He hath no time to think of them—
No time to drop a tear.
The gallant ship—the souls on board—
His only care must be :—
Oh think, when safe you sit at home,
He dares his *life* for thee!

Refuse not, then, your generous aid,
When weary, worn, and old,
The sailor comes to lay his bones
Within his native mould.
As great as have his dangers been,
So let your offerings be;—
Forget not that for many years
He dared his *life* for thee!

THE CAPTIVES OF L'AMISTAD.

TORN from their homes—from kindred forced away—
The sons of MENDI in a slave ship lay :—
The only doom before their anxious eye—
As slaves to live—as slaves at last to die.
Strong were their fetters, and no ray of light
Illumed the darkness of their constant night.
No sounds they heard save those that spoke of chains—
No sights they saw but what increased their pains,—
Until, at last, impelled by love of life,
They burst their bonds and rose to mortal strife,
Heav'n blessed their efforts—crowned them with success—
And roused within them hope and happiness.
They then were masters where they once were slaves,
And free and chainless skimmed the bounding waves.
But ah, poor souls ! the land of death was near,
And how knew they which course their ship to steer ?
Fear not—a mightier Power's at work—the wind
Hath done its office, and now far behind

The land of terror is but dimly seen,
And all before them wears a smiling mien.

Blest be the day when to our happy shore
The faithful waves the Mendian vessel bore !
Blest be the Power that *Northward* steered the gale—
And blest the breeze that filled the bellied sail !
At last they landed where the soil was free,
But ah ! more sorrows were they yet to see.
Freemen were found so lost to moral good
That all their claims on Freedom were withstood,
And so (shame on the truth) were traitors found
By whom these freemen once again were bound.
But lo ! Heav'n had not yet *her* charge resigned—
A deeper purpose ruled th' Eternal mind.
Friends were not wanting to espouse their cause,
Nor judges who could justly read our laws.
And one brave veteran,* whose time honored name
Shall live for ages in a noble fame,
Brushed the gray hairs from off his furrowed brow,
And bade the nation to his wisdom bow.
Joy to the Captives—joy ! Their cause was gained—
Immortal justice still triumphant reigned.
Once more the sons of Mendi walked the earth
Free as the air, and filled with life and mirth.

• John Quincy Adams.

Then did their friends a holier effort make—
Within their souls the light of Truth to wake.
Heav'n blessed this also, and in after days
The Savior listened to their song of praise.

And now who dares to know the end designed—
The *final* purpose of th' Eternal mind ?
Perhaps by these their native land shall rise
From out its darkness, with unclouded eyes—
Embrace the truth—its idols cast away,
And enter heaven with the Christian lay.
Such must be God's design ; and He will bless
Those friends whose aid relieved their sore distress :
And He will guard them on the watery deep,
When tempests howl and angry billows leap,—
For even now, far o'er the trackless main,
The good ship flies to bear them home again.
And with them men of God, upborne by prayer,
To plant the standard of the Savior there.
The aid is feeble, and the work is vast,
But injured AFRIC shall be free at last.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD'S FAREWELL TO
THE DEMON.

SUNG AT THE TEMPERANCE CONCERTS BY MR. WARNER.

Tune—"Araby's Daughter."

FAREWELL, farewell to thee, Demon of Slaughter!—

Thus sang a Tetotaller sober and free—

I drink to thy death in a glass of pure water—

No more shalt thou rule o'er my fortunes and me.

Oh! fair was the wife whom I promised to cherish,

And light was her heart till thy witchery came,—

And the blight of thy breath caused her beauty to perish,

Destroyed all her comfort, and clothed her in shame.

Beneath the foul blight of thy poisonous breathing

Our children were plunged into sorrow and want :—

Still closer thy arms round my soul thou wert wreathing,

And mocking my woe with thy bitterest taunt.

One night, as I entered my comfortless dwelling,

My infant was dead in its mother's embrace!

Her heart in its overwrought anguish was swelling,

And tears of deep agony streamed down her face.

Oh ! what were my thoughts, as in terror I left her,
 And fled with a brain that was fast growing wild ?
 I knew that I had of the pittance bereft her,
 That would have bought food and recovered the child !
 Thou sought to console me, and soon was I flying
 To drown all my woe in thy traitorous bowl,—
 But an angel of mercy, my purpose espying,
 Spoke words that unlock'd the deep wells of my soul.

I listened at last to her eloquent pleading,
 And flew to the place where the pledges were kept :
 I *signed*, and they furnished me all that was needing,
 And these eyes, that for years had been tearless,
 then wept.

Once more am I happy—thou Demon of Slaughter,
 And light is the heart of my now happy wife,—
 So I drink to thy death in a cup of pure water—
 No more shalt thou rule o'er my fortunes and life.

EXTRACTS FROM "SARRAHKA,"

AN UNPUBLISHED INDIAN TALE.

SCENERY ON THE HUDSON.

A CLOUDLESS sky that morn was spread
In azure beauty o'er his head,—
And merrily upon the stream

The sparkling gems were seen to leap,
As fell the broad and sunny gleam

Upon the bosom of the deep.
The Hudson wound its devious way
'Mid forests darkling ev'n in day,
And quaintly on its breast was laid
The mountain's dark, fantastic shade.

Above, the brilliant rays of light
Fell full upon the Crystal Rock,*

* The celebrated "Diamond Rock," just back of Lansingburgh.

Till every gem was made so bright
It might the richest diamond mock.
Beyond, in rugged beauty drest,
Bald Mountain* reared his treeless crest—
The monarch of the hills and woods,
The verdant plains and crystal floods:—
Like some old father from whose head
Each lock of silvery hair hath fled,—
The whirlwind on his brow hath sate,
And left it bare and desolate !

* * * * *

LAKE MORAN.†

THE sun upon the western sky
Was gliding down in majesty,
And all the gems on Moran's breast
Were in their sparkling beauty drest.
Lake Moran's bosom gleamed with gold,
Though quiet was its flow, and dull,—

* Near Lansingburgh.

† A name by which I distinguish a very beautiful lake in the town of Ballston, which is known by the undignified appellation of "Long Lake."

For on its glassy breast, so cold,
The sunset hues were beautiful.
The trees that fringed its shelving side
Leaned gracefully above the tide,
And, waving in some zephyr's breath,
Disturbed the quiet scene beneath.
With rounded limbs and glossy hair,
The graceful otter sported there,—
And fearlessly the finny race
Were gliding in their native grace.
You may not find a fairer scene,
Though wandering all the wide earth o'er,
Than meets the eye, 'mid forests green,
When standing on Lake Moran's shore.

* * * * *

THE INDIAN GIRL'S PRAYER.

THE moon was up, and her brilliant ray
Softly upon the waters lay,
Tinting the lake with a golden sheen
Like the yellow light of a fairies' green,—

And the waves were hushed by the magic glow,
Or crept to the shore with a gentle flow—
When the Indian girl knelt humbly down,
Beneath the shade of an aspen brown,
And with folded hands upon her breast
To the Great Manitou her prayer addressed :—

Great Spirit of Earth, and Sea, and Air !

List to an humble maiden's prayer.

May her arm be strong, and her step be light,
And her eye as keen as the star of night—
May her heart not fail, when she stands beside
The white youth's couch, in her woman's pride—
But give her strength to restore the dove
To the long lost nest of its mother's love :—
And the Indian girl, whose heart is true,
Will worship forever Great Manitou !"

Once more to her feet, on the dewy lawn,
Leolah sprang, like a gladsome fawn,—
And with conscious pride in her gentle breast,
On to the prisoners' tent she pressed.

* * * * *

THE INDIAN GIRL'S SONG.

O'ER Sarrahka's breast of blue
Flies the buoyant birch canoe.
The night is late—the way is long—
But the white youth's arm is strong.
The white youth hath an eagle's eye—
No star as keen upon the sky ;—
His foot doth far outstrip the deer—
He knoweth not the name of fear.

'Neath the quivering aspen's shade
Stands a lonely Indian maid :—
Her soul is faint—her heart is sore—
When she hears the dipping oar.
The white youth's kiss upon her cheek
Hath pierced her heart and made her weak :—
Cruel kiss ! yet cruel more
The splashing of the white youth's oar !

* * * * *

THE LOVER'S LEAP.*

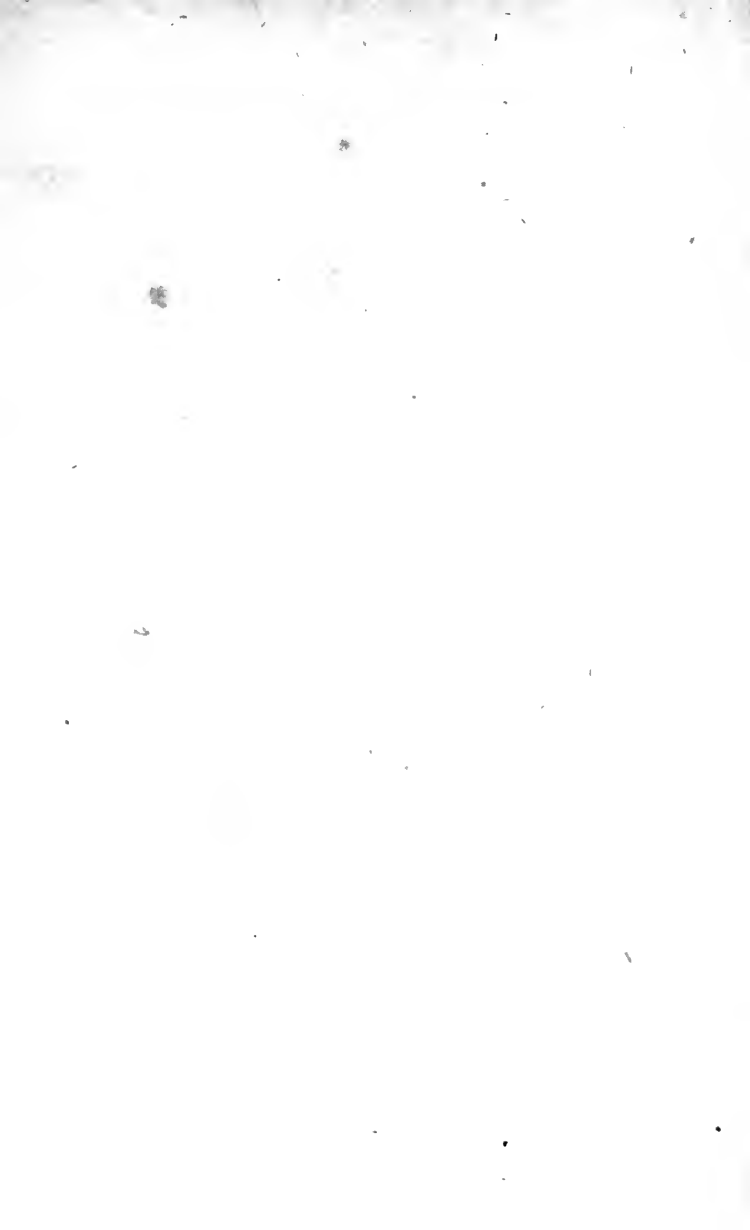
UPON a single rod of ground,
Green-carpeted with moss, they stood,—
And, save in front, were circled round
By thicket, brake, and tangled wood.
A beetling cliff abruptly rose
An hundred feet above the stream,—
And there no wild-flower ever grows,
Nor penetrates a sunny beam.
Beneath, the Kayderos' rolls on,
Darkly, and with a sluggish tone,
For just below the rocky steep
The channel of the stream is deep.
Beyond, an hundred yards or so,
Its current hath a rapid flow,
O'er sandy shoals and rocks that lie
To turn the waters passing by.
Two mimic islands there are made,
Beneath the precipice's shade,
Upon whose bosoms may be seen
The aspen and the evergreen.

* * * * *

* In the village of Ballston Spa.

JUNE.

It is the merry month of June,
And nature smiles in rich array ;—
The birds are in their sweetest tune,
And carol blithely all the day.
Blest month ! when blushing flowers are spread
In freshest beauty on the heath ;—
When leafy branches o'er the head
Shelter the traveller beneath :—
When all is fresh, and pure, and fair,
And no dull vapours taint the air.
Blest month to him who loves to rove
Within the shadows of the grove,—
And gaze upon each flower and tree,
Robed in their spotless purity.
For leafy trees and blushing flowers—
For birds in gentlest, sweetest tune—
Give me the blithe and happy hours
That make the merry month of June.





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